VOL. 4. APRIL, 1901. No. 6.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY, LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN, BABYLAND, AND THE FAVORITE.

PRICE 10 CTS. 1.00 A YEAR

Published by S. E Cassino, Boston and Salem Mass.

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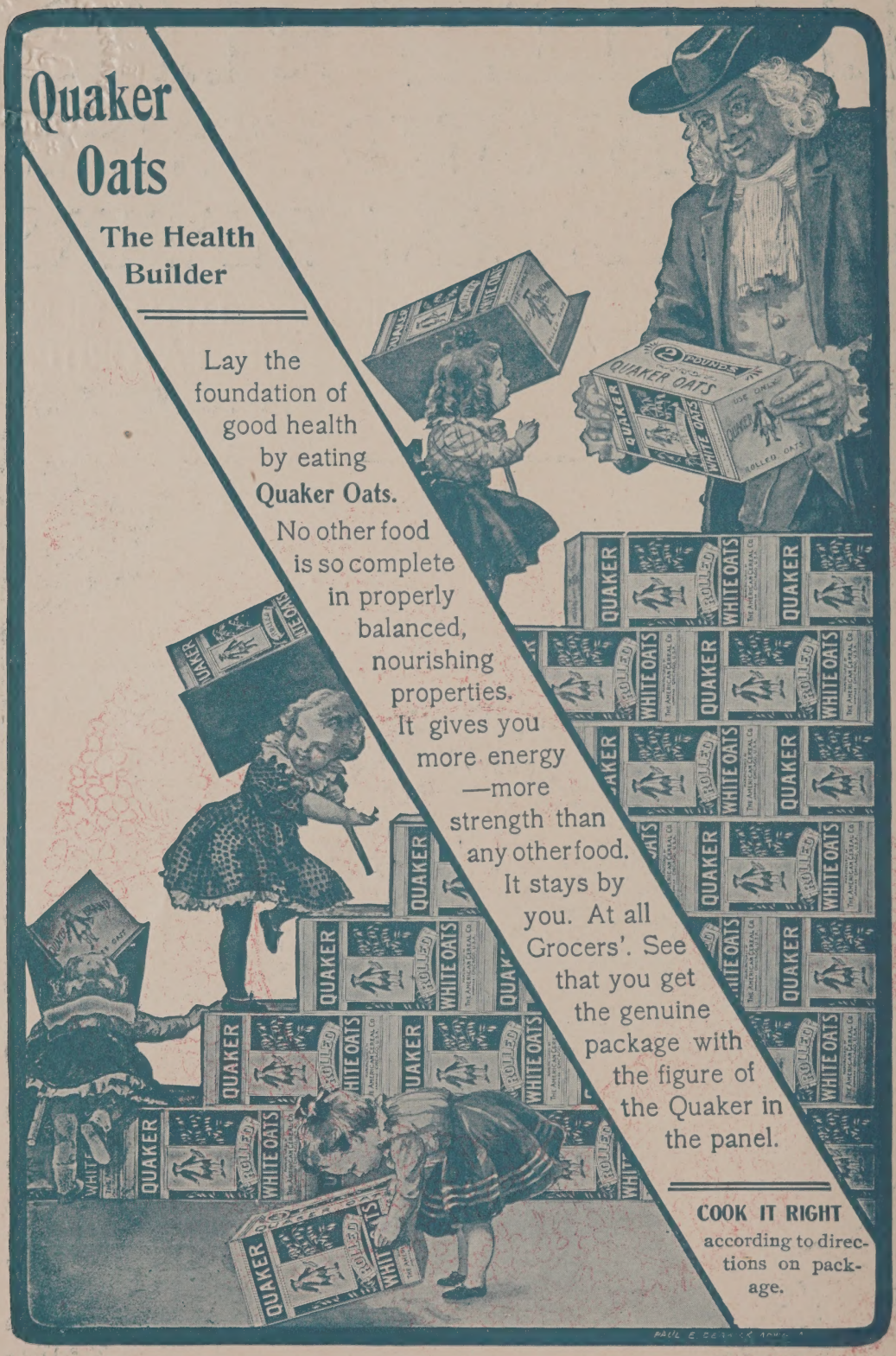
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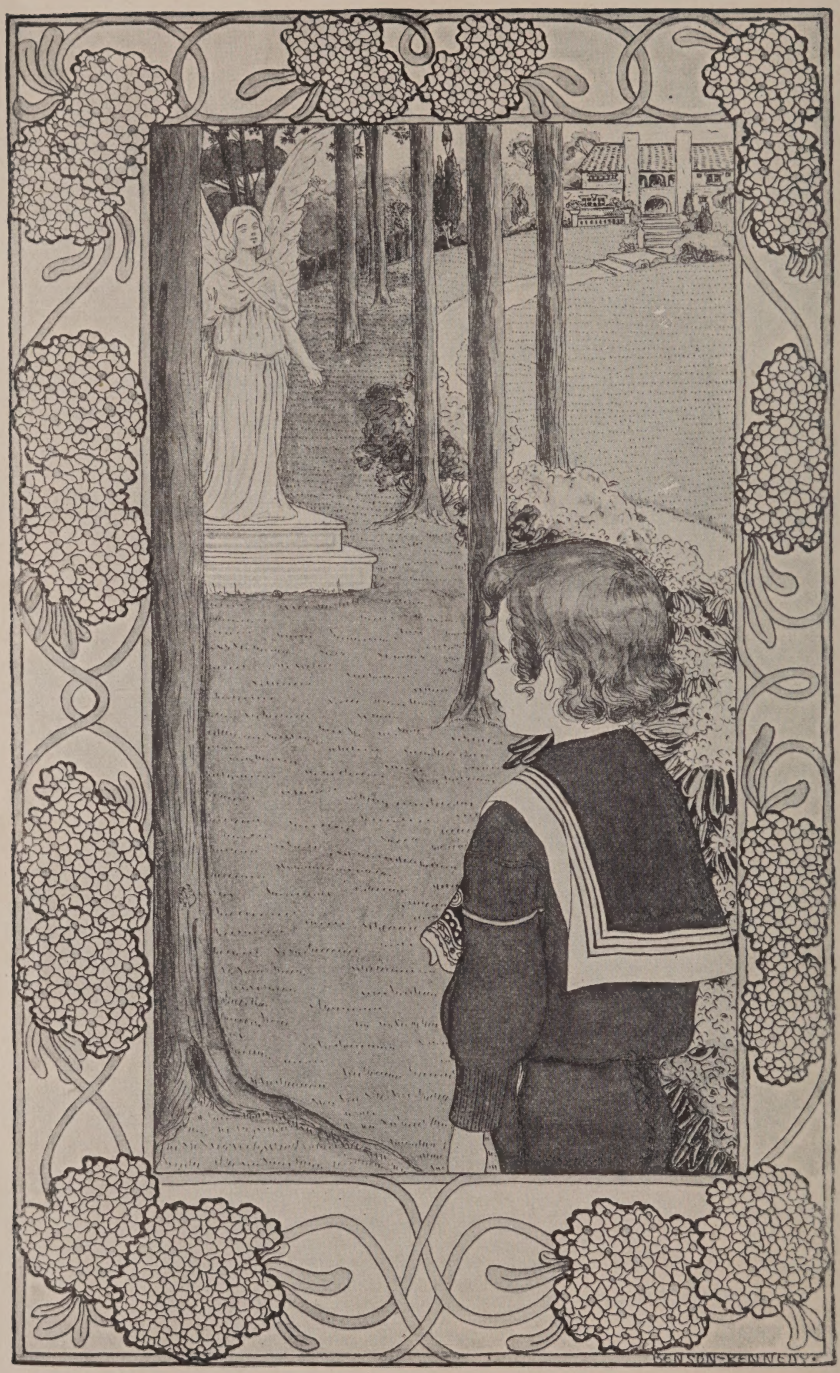

JACK HAD FOUND THE ANGEL AMONG THE PINE-TREES.

LITTLE FOLKS

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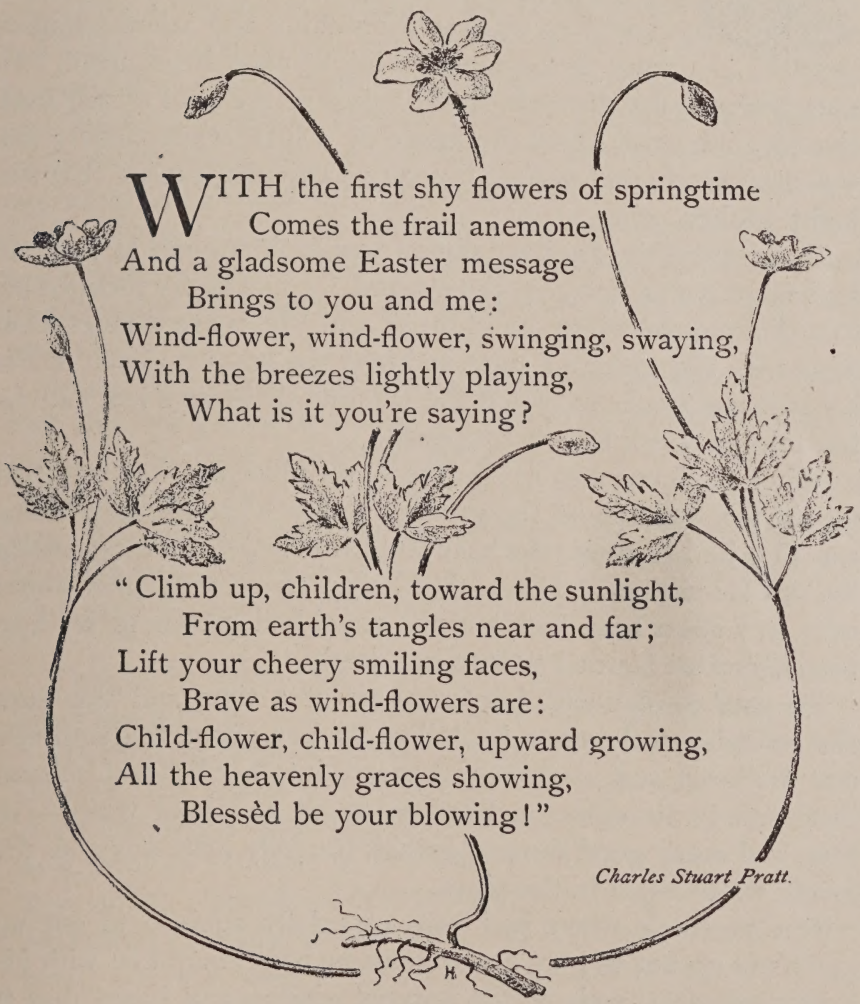
THE WIND-FLOWER'S MESSAGE.



WITH the first shy flowers of springtime
Comes the frail anemone,
And a gladsome Easter message
Brings to you and me:
Wind-flower, wind-flower, swinging, swaying,
With the breezes lightly playing,
What is it you're saying?

"Climb up, children, toward the sunlight,
From earth's tangles near and far;
Lift your cheery smiling faces,
Brave as wind-flowers are:
Child-flower, child-flower, upward growing,
All the heavenly graces showing,
Blessèd be your blowing!"

Charles Stuart Pratt.

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THE ANGEL WITH THE BROKEN WING.

ONE day as I was driving along a quiet country road, I passed a pleasant home-like house with large grounds about it; there were winding walks and driveways and fountains and summerhouses and flowers, everything to make it beautiful. In one corner of the grounds, in the midst of a clump of tall dark slender pine trees, stood the figure of a little white angel; she was very lovely and perfect in every particular, except that she had a broken wing.

One little white feathery pinion was broken quite in two and a piece of it was lying on the ground. I had never thought before that angels' wings could break and I began to wonder what it meant. By and by I came to know the boy who lived in the big pleasant house to which the winding driveways led, and he has told me since how it happened.

When Jack came to live in the lovely place, and had travelled for the first time about the grounds to see what his new home was like, he had found the beautiful white angel standing among the tall slender pine trees. He began to be very glad about her; in a short time Jack and the angel had grown to be firm friends and he learned to love her dearly.

He used to play with her for hours at a time and was sure she smiled happily when he talked to her about the squirrels and the birds, and when he put acorns into her little white marble hands he thought she liked to touch and hold them — so they had many good times together, the jolly little boy and the lovely white angel in the pines.

One morning when Jack was especially anxious to get up early and go out to play a new game he had thought of with his little playmate, he ran to the nursery window and found that it

was raining, and he was sure Nurse would not let him go. He was feeling cross and disagreeable about it, when he began to watch a slow cold little fly on the window-pane; it was trying with difficulty to crawl up, but it was so cold it could hardly stir, and couldn't make any attempt at all to use its wings.

The cross disappointed little boy began to follow the cold fly up the window-pane with his finger, and then he pushed him, gently, just a little to help him, he said, and then he put the point of his finger on the fly's back, and then he thought how easy it would be to crush him! He remembered that the fly had quite as good a right to live as he had, but — it was wet and he couldn't go out of doors and it would be so easy and, somehow, before he knew it, Jack pressed his finger down hard on the little fly's back and he fell down on the window sill, with one wing broken. and he lay quite still with his little cold feet up in the air. Jack felt very sorry, for he thought he didn't really mean to do it. But just then his Nurse called him and he ran away and forgot all about the poor little hurt fly for a long time.

By and by, after he had done a great many pleasant things all day, and had grown tired, and it began to be dark and night was come, he thought about the fly again. He hoped he hadn't killed it, and if he could go back to the morning again he was sure he would just help the fly and take it to the fire and warm it — but he wouldn't have hurt it at all. Then by and by bedtime came — and what do you think happened?

That night when Jack went to sleep the rain was still pouring down and the wind blowing hard and he had a dream.

He thought he was sailing through the sky on a beautiful cloud, and he sailed and sailed and had a most glorious time. After awhile his cloud began to sail lower down and he could look into the windows of the houses and see what the people were doing. He sailed very near a house that looked like his own pleasant home, and he wondered if it really could be his — but of course it wasn't. Still there was a little boy standing at one of the windows and he had brown curls, just like his.

And when Jack came a little nearer to the window, still sailing on his cloud, he saw some curious little things on the window pane; they were white and oh, how cunning they were! And as he came nearer he saw that they looked like little white angels, just like his white angel who stood among the tall dark slender pine trees, and they were so beautiful. The little boy in the window was following one with his finger, slowly, and then he put his finger on the angel's back.

Our little friend on the clouds cried out, and caught his breath, and waved his hand wildly to the boy in the window, and tried to speak and tell him not to hurt the little angel, but he could not make a sound. Just then the boy in the window pushed his finger down hard on the angel's back and crushed it, and Jack could hear the sound it made; and one of its wings was broken quite in two, and the angel fell down and lay very still on the window-sill.

All at once Jack started suddenly and awoke; his cloud was gone, he was in his own white bed, and without knowing why, he jumped out on to the floor and ran to the window to look at his little friend among the pines beyond the fountain. The storm was over and the sun was shining brightly — but how the wind must have blown in the night, for the lawn was all covered with leaves and branches of the trees! And there stood his angel — but what do you think! one poor little white wing was broken quite in two and half of it was lying on the ground. Jack gave a cry, and he thought to himself, "Oh, did I do it, or did the boy in the window do it? Oh, dear, how did it happen?"

Without waiting to be dressed he hurried on his wrapper and bed-room slippers and flew downstairs and out the front door as fast as he could go, into the glorious morning sunshine. He ran over to his angel among the pines, standing there with her broken wing, and threw his arms around her and cried, "Oh, tell me I didn't do it, *please* tell me I didn't do it! it could not have been I who broke your pretty white wing!"

Then Jack put his ear to her lips and listened, breathlessly, and he was quite sure he heard her speak.

"No, little friend," she seemed to say, "you did not do it; the wing has been weakened for a long time, and last night the wind was very strong and blew it off — but, dear little Jack, if you love me, you will remember now to be very gentle with all tiny helpless creatures."

Then Jack threw his arms around her again, and promised that he would never be cruel any more; and he was so glad of his promise that he almost forgot the broken wing as he ran into the house to get dressed. Jack played very gently with his angel after that; but if ever you pass that way you will notice that the angel among the tall dark slender pines still has a broken wing.

Anna S. P. Duryea.

RIDDLE-RHYMES.

XIII.

I AM a little thing that goes,
From dawn till dark, from dark till dawn:
I always go, I never stop,
Yet never am I gone.

The flowers and birds are glad of me;
I laugh and sing along my way:
I always go, I ne'er come back,
And yet I always stay.

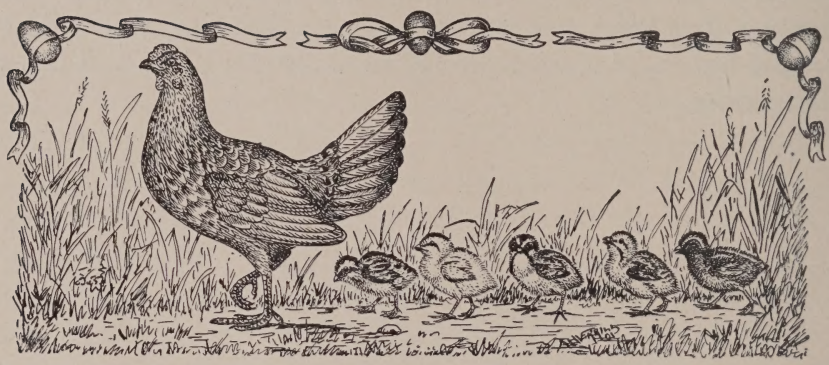
C. S. P.

A CHILD'S FANCIES.

IN large white flakes the snow was falling;
High overhead wild-geese were calling;
"These flakes," said I, "so soft and white,
Are feathers dropped by them in flight."

Now winter's gone; to-day I found
Forget-me-nots upon the ground —
I thought them feathers from the wing
Of bluebirds flying north in spring.

W. H. Wilson.



BANTAM'S JOKE.

ONCE there was a bantam hen; a tiny hen was she,
And laid the cutest little eggs that ever child did see,
And every year at Easter time some little children said,
"Please, Bantam, give us each an egg to color blue or red."

But once said little bantam hen, "I guess I'll play a joke!"
For hens you know can funny be, as well as other folk;
And so sly little bantam hen hid well her nest of hay
Where one would never think to look, nor even pass that way.

And every day the children went a-searching all around,
But bantam hen sat very still and wouldn't make a sound.
When Easter came the children all laughed at her funny trick;
She brought no child an Easter egg but each an Easter chick!

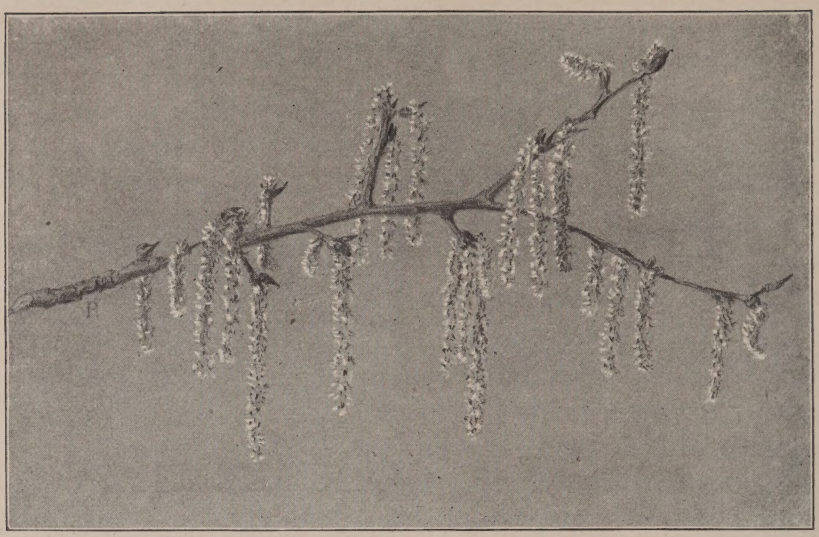
Annie M. Chunn.

PUSSIES AND CATKINS.

THE small silvery willow-pussies that children so much love creep out from under their brown scales and sit sunning themselves on the willow twigs early in March. Some of the braver ones appear even in February. And how lovely a willow looks in the sunshine when its silky pussies are all out! To my mind the willow-pussy is the real true cat-kin, for "catkin" means "little cat;" it sits on the twig, its little silky back rounding up in a contented way, just like a cat's when it basks in a warm place, all its paws curled under.

WILLOW-PUSSIES.

"Pussy-willows" are usually the only kind of catkin that children know of, but at about the same time, or a little later, they can find another family of pussies. These are the poplar-pussies. They look some like the willow-pussies at first, only they are much grayer, almost maltese, and the scales are of a lighter brown and much glossier. A week or two after I first noticed these poplar-pussies last spring, I visited them again, and to my surprise they had changed into long fluttering catkins. Like the children, I call the short furry ones "pussies," and the long droopy ones "catkins" — of course they all are catkins, but I think the long ones look much more like just cat-tails than cats!



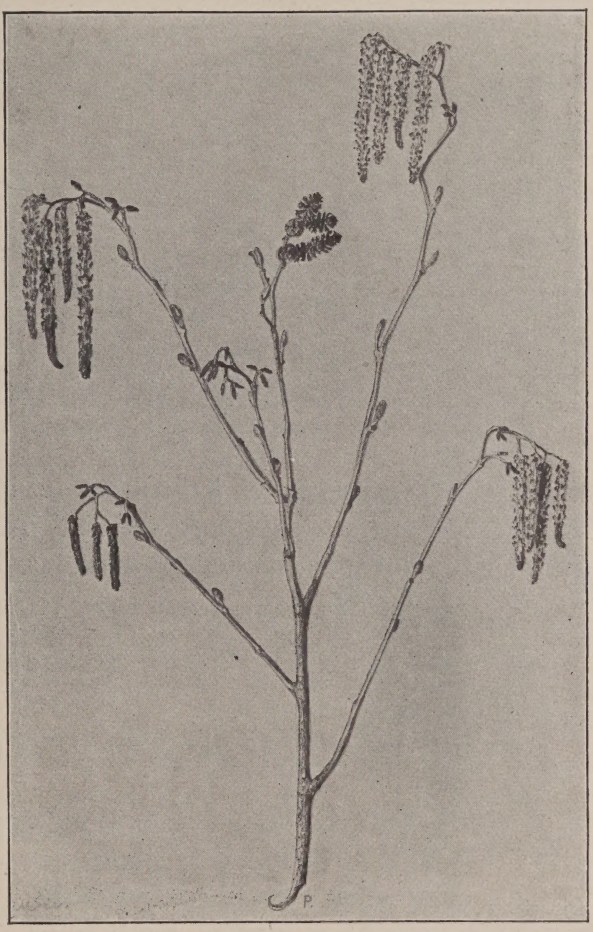
THE POPLAR-PUSSIES HAD CHANGED INTO CATKINS.

As I stood under the trees looking up at them, I thought the poplar-catkins were not nearly so pretty as when they were just pussies. But when I broke off a twig and saw them close, I changed my mind. They were long and limber and loose-jointed to be sure, but they wore a very handsome dark-red under their gray fur. I carried the twig home with me. After it had been lying on my table a while I picked it up, and then I saw that a fine almost white pollen had shaken from the catkins and that their red color was given to them by little clusters of stamens; and by looking through a microscope I could see that some of these stamens had cracked open and were full of the white pollen I had noticed. I remembered then that some of the willow-pussies had flowered out into a feathery yellow.

In April "the alder by the river shakes out its powdery curls." This alder grows down in meadows by brooks and streams, and its sulphur-yellow pollen falls into the water where one can see it lying thick on the surface. This kind is called speckled alder. Its twigs are speckled and the catkins look speckled too; they grow in clusters, and drop off. But the alder has two sets of catkins — a set of little reddish brown ones which grow on twigs near the large powdery ones; these stay on and become

the alder-seeds and look like little hard dry cones. In spring one can often find these last-year catkins on the limbs.

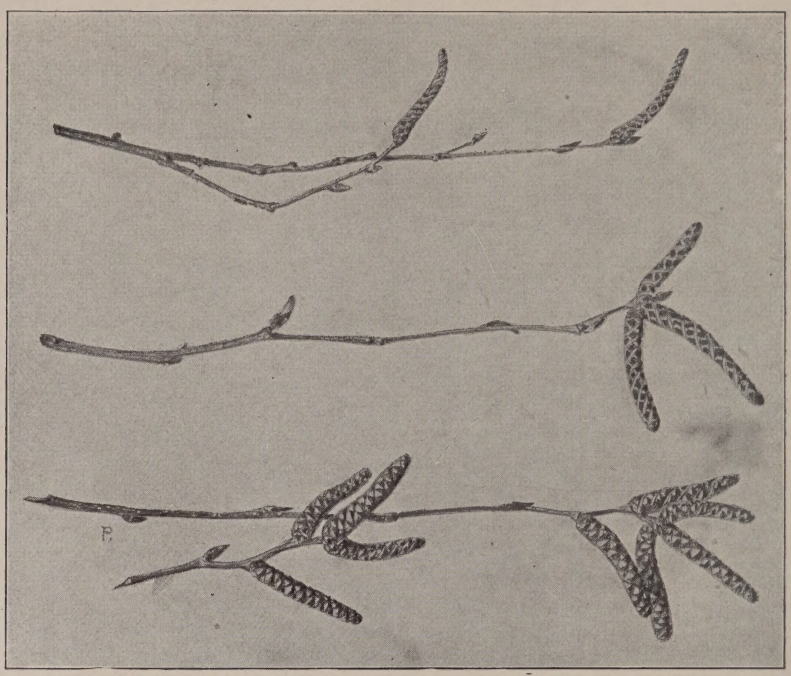
The pretty birches have odd catkins, too — not speckled ones, but checkered ones. In early spring they are short and stiff and are marked off in curious checks; but in May they are very long and slender, light-brown and yellow, and they swing and dance among the tiny bright green leaves. The gray birch catkins grow singly on the ends of the twigs. On the yellow birch they grow in clusters. On the white birch the catkins are larger and grow in "threes" at the end of the tings.



THE ALDER HAS TWO SETS OF CATKINS.

Country children can gather a large variety of catkins. There is the long stiff greenish catkin of the balm-of-gilead which is a kind of poplar, with its leaves, like those of the rest of the family, trembling in every breeze; and catkins grow on oak, chestnut, hop-hornbeam, walnut, hickory, butternut and buttonwood trees; also on shrubs, such as bayberry, sweet fern and hazelnut.

These pussies and catkins loose a little of their color and



GRAY BIRCH, WHITE BIRCH, YELLOW BIRCH.

plumpness in the house, but if brought in on their twigs and branches at the right stage of growth and placed in pitchers of warmish water they can be kept and studied for some time.

Susan Brown Robbins.

WEE JANET'S JOKE.

WEE Janet, one morning early,
Creeps downstairs on "tippy-toes,"
Hides her mop of hair so curly
'Neath a kerchief, softly goes
Round the house with broom and duster;
Soon all's neat, the table set;
And when Mother comes, a-fluster,
"April Fool!" cries wee Janet.

Pauline Frances Camp.

THE LOVABLE TALES OF JANEY AND JOSEY AND JOE.

V.—Janey's Funny Day.

AND out in the kitchen lived good Queen Ann and the little Princess Mattie May. (These were the names that, just for fun, Janey and Josey and Joe called their good old cook and her little girl.)

And good Queen Ann was just the color of chocolate cake, and little Princess Mattie May was just the color of chocolate candy.

Princess Mattie May was one of Janey's very best friends, and Janey loved her dearly.

And one morning, very early, Janey went out into the big clean kitchen and said, "Good morning, Queen Ann. Will you let Princess Mattie May go out into the garden with me, and walk this morning?"

And Queen Ann said, "Yes, Miss Janey love, you may take my baby out into the garden with you."

PRINCESS MATTIE MAY.

And Princess Mattie was sitting in her high-chair, all clean and sweet. Her little brown face was shining with smiles.

"I'll go and walk with my Janey," she said, laughing and clapping her little brown hands.

Princess Mattie May was exactly two years old, and she wore a pink dress that morning, a little pink ruffled dress. And our dear little Janey was as dainty as a little white rose in her little white barred muslin dress.

And when Janey and Mattie May were out in the garden, Janey said, "Oh, Princess Mattie May, do you see that big, big pumpkin? Well, dear little Joe has scraped out all of the seeds, and now it is only a big, big yellow shell of a pumpkin."

And the Princess Mattie May clapped her little brown hands,

and went dancing up and down, but she did not say a word.

And Janey said, "I know some fun we can have, Mattie May. We will take off your little pink dress, and slip you right into that pumpkin!"

And oh, oh, but the Princess Mattie May *did* look funny, so funny! All you could see below were her little brown feet,

"WILL YOU LET PRINCESS MATTIE MAY GO OUT IN THE GARDEN?"

and all you could see above was her little brown woolly head!

And just at that minute Josey and Joe came running out of the house, into the garden, and they saw Princess Mattie May in the pumpkin!

And oh, how Joe laughed, and oh, how Josey laughed. They laughed so loud, and they laughed so long, that Mama and Papa and good Queen Ann came out on the garden walk to see what the fun could be. And oh, how they all laughed too, when they saw Mattie May in the pumpkin.

And that very same morning, after breakfast, Janey went out into the garden, and she found Mattie May crying because her dear little brown hands and her dear little brown face were covered with mud.

And what do you think that little rogue Janey did? Why, she opened the garden hose, and turned — yes turned the water all over the little Princess Mattie May and gave her a splendid bath.

And Mattie May enjoyed the bath, and laughed and clapped her little brown hands.

But good Queen Ann did not like it at all, when she looked out of the kitchen window and saw what little Janey was doing. She ran out into the garden, and caught Mattie May up into her arms, and shook her finger at Janey, and said, "This is one of your funny days, Miss Janey love! This is one of your funny days!"

And Janey's brown eyes twinkled with fun, and she said, "Princess Mattie May loves to be clean, Queen Ann, and I gave her a *splendid* bath."

And Josey and Joe came running out of the house, and oh, how they laughed when they saw Mattie May all dripping with water.

Little Joe rolled on the grass, and laughed and said, "Oh, Janey, you funny Janey! What *will* you think of next, you funny Janey?"

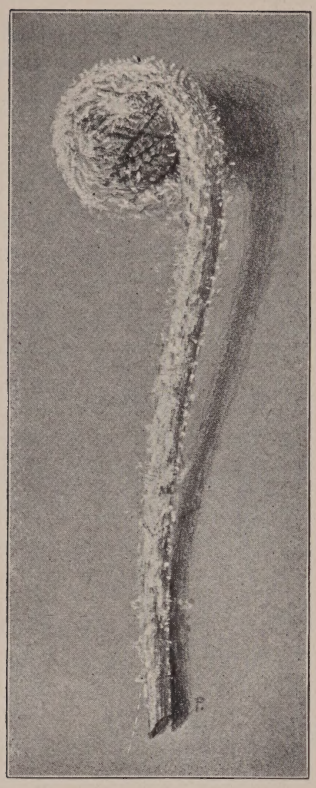
But Josey shook her head, and stopped laughing and said, "Janey, *please* be good, or Mama will send you to bed, dear. She always sends you to bed before night, when you have a funny day."

And Janey hugged Josey and said, "I will be good, dear Josey."

And Josey knew Janey would keep her promise.

Janey's little brown eyes twinkled all day and she laughed all day, but she was a good little girl, and made no trouble, and her precious Mama let her sit up that night until *almost* nine o'clock!

Gertrude Smith.



IN HER FURRY CLOAK.

FORTH CAME SHE.

LITTLE GRANDAM FERN.

LITTLE Grandam Fern looked frail and old
As she stood by the brook on an April day,
And her furry cloak made her seem a-cold,
And her cap was on in an old-time way —
Little Grandam Fern!

The cowslips sunned their golden hair
And frolicked about her bright and gay,
And Grandam Fern smiled at them there,
And longed so much to join their play —
Little Grandam Fern!

"Oh, I feel very young," said Grandam Fern,
"And the blue in the sky is good to see,
And the sheen in the green, each way I turn,
Makes me thrill with a life that is meant for me!"
Little Grandam Fern!

Little Grandam Fern, she raised her head,
From her cap and mantle forth came she,
Then gracefully out her arms she spread,
And stood up tall and young and free—
Little Grandam Fern!

Martha Burr Banks.

AN OLD-TIME FAST DAY.

"MEASLES," said the Doctor, pushing open the nursery door, and sniffing the air; "one, two, three measles!"

"Measles is first rate," called out Dick, running up to him and trying to reach the Doctor's trousers' pocket, where he kept peppermints for sick children. "They don't hurt a bit and we don't have to go to school today and we're too sick to go to church tomorrow when it's going to be Fast Day." Whereupon the three children capered round the room and snatched the peppermints which the doctor threw about, though he caught each child in turn, uttering in dreadful manner:

"MEASLES!"

Measles didn't make any difference to the children; for they all "had it lightly," whatever that means, and could be together. The only bad thing was that they couldn't go into the kitchen and help the cook clear up for Fast Day.

The next morning it was cold and windy, real April Fast Day weather. The Father had had prayers in the nursery and had asked God to carry the children safely through the measles, and then he and the Mother had breakfasted downstairs on oatmeal, cold bread and coffee, while the children had bread and milk upstairs.

"Do you think we're going to die?" suddenly questioned little Dick. "Father asked God to carry us safely."

"Pooh!" said Peter. "Father only meant God must take good care of us, but God always does that. I wish Father'd let us have toast Fast Day morning!"

"Father knows better," interrupted Lucy. "Nice hot toast isn't fasting. I guess it's most time he got his sermon finished. I'll just peek and see;" but while she was trying to look through the keyhole, her Father turned the door-handle and she turned a somerset.

"You can't kiss us goodbye," they all exclaimed, as he stepped into the nursery, "because we got the measles; but you can come and tell us a story before we go to bed," and then they pushed him out of the room.

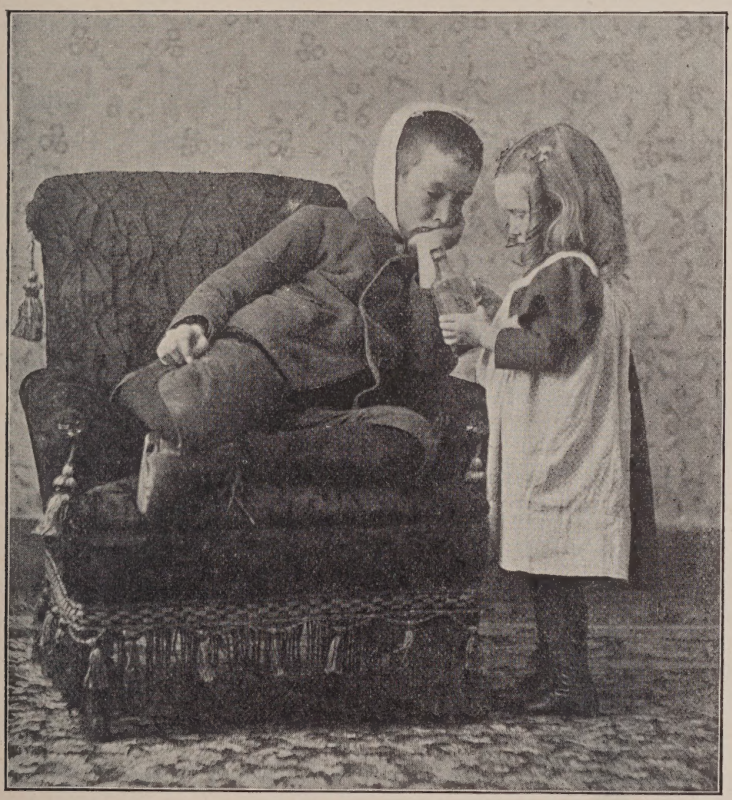
After they had heard the front door close they set to work "to keep Fast Day." Peter, the eldest, aged eight, stood up on a chair for a pulpit and holding up a newspaper, made believe read the Governor's Proclamation; what he read was as follows: "Children, I want you to stop being naughty and be sorry, and not think you know your lessons when you don't. After today is over you haven't got to fast any more for a year!"

Next came Dicky's part. He tried to sing, "Mary had a little lamb," but could not get any further than the first two lines. After that, Lucy passed a box to the boys and each put in a cent — she did, too — all to be given to a little boy who lived in the back alley and had not any cents. And then Church was done and they played medicine-man, for they never played with dolls or dominoes or any other usual game on Fast Day; they only played what was real and useful, and medicine-man was their favorite diversion on Fast Day.

So they took out their tiny bottles and poured their contents on to Lucy's doll's teaset plates, and began to mix their drugs. "I think you had better take some sick medicine," said Peter to his sister. "You aren't good enough. Take this," and he held back her head and shook down into her throat some pepper and salt.

"Oh, I won't ever be naughty again," cried Lucy, coughing

with all her might, so loud that both Peter and little Dick pretended to be scared and ran into the closet. Peter came out soon, but he had caught cold in a tooth while in the closet, and had to have his face tied up with a handkerchief. He groaned aloud often, until Lucy brought a large bottle of liquid poultice and spread some on his cheek. This liquid poultice was made



LUCY BROUGHT A BOTTLE OF LIQUID POULTICE.

of slate-pencil dust mixed with vinegar, and soon gave relief. When little Dick returned from the closet, he said his throat was sore, and Lucy took a quill and blew a powder in his mouth. This was a favorite powder, compounded of lead-pencil scrapings and chalk-dust. They always gave it for sore throat on Fast Day. They all took some as a "sure preventative," but it seemed to make their measles very much worse, so that none of

them wanted any of their dinner of crackers and milk, and little Lucy had to lie down.

When their parents came home from church they allowed themselves only cold corned beef and Indian whey-pudding that had baked itself. After the Father had had his nap, he and the Mother came into the nursery where the boys, having recovered from the effects of their medicine, began to beg for the story that belonged with the day. "Now tell us all about Fast Day; how our Great-great-great Grandpa had just five kernels of corn and Grandma and all the rest of the folks hadn't any more."

"You haven't got 'greats' enough," interrupted Lucy, lifting her dizzy little head.

"Never mind; go ahead, Father," persisted Dick. And so their Father told them, as he did every Fast Day, of the great drought and the fear of famine, in the spring of 1623, when Bradford was Governor of Plymouth colony, and how because of the drought the colonists "sett aparte a solemne day of humiliation to seek ye Lord by humble and fervente prayer in this great distrese."

"It's rather mean, though," declared Peter, "that Fast Day got to be a fashion, and we have to keep it still when there's plenty of rain every year. I hope there won't be any Fast Day when I get grown up."

"It will be all Thanksgiving Days then," said the Mother, with a queer little smile.

"I wish it had come to an end now," sighed Dick; "we can't have any corn to parch 'cause it will hop, and that would be wrong behaviour; let's make scrap-books and pretend we aren't hungry."

Long before they had finished pasting their pictures into books, the day had ended and they had the crackers and milk for supper, which was intended for their dinner. So, like their parents, they had only two meals. For the Father and Mother had no supper and went to bed as early as the children, all because it was Fast Day, forty years ago.

Kate Gannett Wells.

LONG TOM, AND HOW THEY GOT HIM.

Chapter VI. — Borrowing a Bear-Skin Rug.

"IT'S kind of risky for little fellows like you to try to get that gun away from the Tinkertown boys," went on Orlando Pew just as if he had not said about the same thing before.

"The Pekoe Guards are soldiers and must defend their rights," said Billy Boy, and he scowled a little, because he didn't like to hear the Pekoe Guards called "little fellows."

They were still in the great barn, and at that moment the cross gobbler came in gobbling fiercely, and in such a rage that he scraped his wings upon the floor. His feathers were torn and he carried his neck awry.

"Look at him!" said Orlando, pointing with the hay-rake which he held in his hand. "He thought he was defending his rights when Dr. Holman's dog Bowser came into the barnyard. He didn't care which was bigger, he or Bowser. Now look at him!"

"That's the way the Pekoe Guards will look when they come home from Tinkertown — without the gun!" said Sydney Brown, who was a large boy and liked to tease.

Sidney had just looked in at the barn-door with his fishing-pole over his shoulder. He was going fishing and they waited for him to go before they said another word.

"I don't quite like the idea of getting the gun away from the Tinkertown boys," said Bee Brown suddenly. "What if it were *our* Long Tom and we didn't want to part with it?" She looked straight at Billy Boy and he looked straight at her.

Billy Boy nodded. "I think of that too," he said. "I think 'twas mean of the town to sell Long Tom before it bought the cannon. The boys are afraid the Fourth will come and there won't be anything in the town to go off. That's an awful fix!"

Bob Brown nodded and so did even Orlando Pew.

"But the town did sell it to Captain Stork. The boys had no right to hide Captain Stork's gun," Billy Boy went on in the same tone in which he explained a problem in fractions at school. "He had a right to sell it to us. We have a right to take it!"

Although there were so many people in the barn Billy Boy looked at Bee to see what she thought.

"As far as that goes," said Orlando slowly and just as if he were talking politics as he did with the tin peddler, "the town has got to get the gun for Captain Stork anyhow. They talk of putting the ringleaders in jail. My advice to you little fellows is just to keep still and the town will get the gun for you if you have bought it of Captain Stork."

"Tinkertown is famous for being slow; that's why the boys don't expect to get the cannon before next Fourth of July," said Bob Brown.

"The Pekoe Guards will get their own gun!" said Billy Boy. And even Bee didn't shake her head although she shuddered at the thought of the pond and the bear. Billy Boy had told her before, that she must learn to be a soldier's sister.

"We shall have to get Obed Fling to bring the gun home with his heavy team. It will cost as much as five dollars more," said Billy Boy suddenly. "We shall have to have a show to raise the five dollars within a week! I don't see why I didn't think of that."

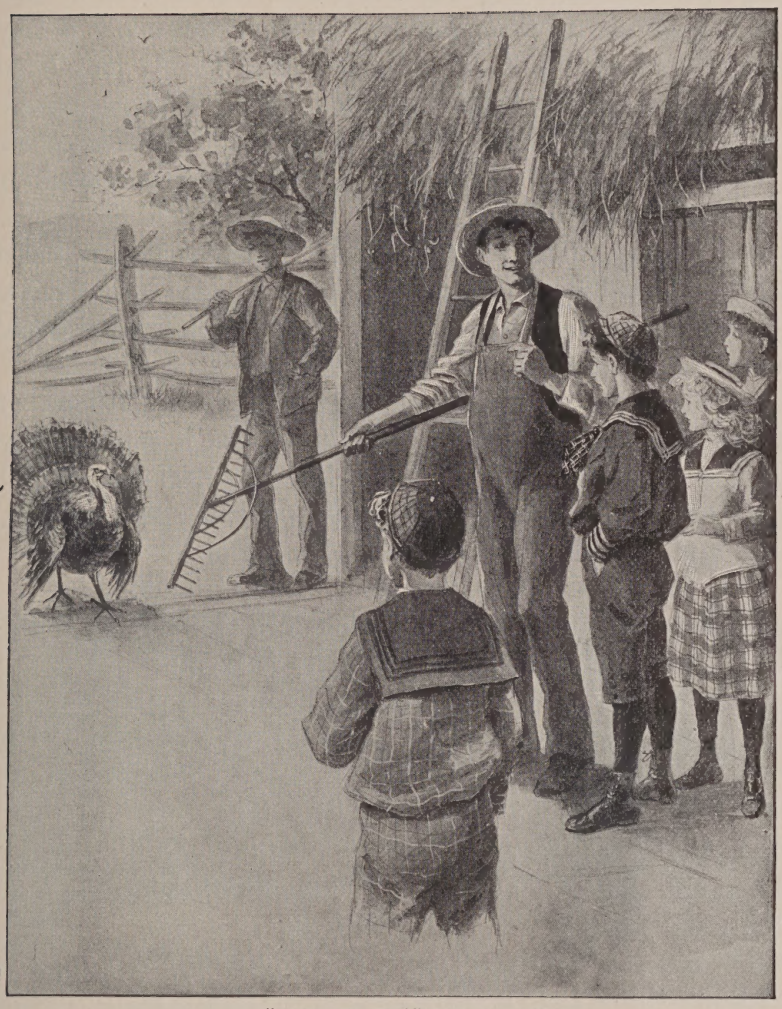
"You have thought of everything like that since you've known how to do fractions," said Bee. Once she had had to think for Billy Boy what things would cost, and he liked to have people know that he could do it now himself.

"If you're going to have a show I'll help," said Pinky Jones eagerly. "Our monkey has never been really shown off, Bee!"

"I would be a kangaroo on stilts if anybody else would be the hind legs," said Bob Brown.

"If Orlando would only be a bear! he makes such a splendid big one!" said Bee eagerly. For Orlando had been a bear for the family amusement, but did not like to appear in public.

"We have got to do most of the hard work ourselves," said Billy Boy, "because the boys are thinking so much about the gun that they won't care about the show. Besides, they've got a good deal to do to earn the ten dollars. Nobody is to have a cent given him, you know. The Pekoe Guards and not their athers, are going to buy the gun for the town!"



"LOOK AT HIM!" SAID ORLANDO.

"I would be a bear," said Orlando slowly, "seeing the show is to help to buy a gun that the town really needs. But the bear-skin rug is burnt up. Don't you remember?"

Now the bear-skin rug was a fine one, with a head on it, that made it a wonderful thing for a show when there was a boy or a man that knew how to be a bear inside it. It had been in Mama Brown's room, before the open grate. Bee, popping corn there, had dropped a burning coal upon it and ruined it entirely.

It was such a pity! With Orlando for a bear one could have a beautiful show.

"My Sunday-school teacher, Miss Theodora Green, has one just like it," said Bee, after a moment in which she had felt very guilty about the rug and tried very hard to think what could be done. "I think she would lend it to me!"

Miss Theodora Green was an old and a kind friend. She was a person too, who would understand that it might be very important indeed to have a make-believe bear for a show. She would neither laugh at you nor think it would spoil her rug.

"Go and ask her!" said Billy Boy and Bob.

"I will be a bear if you can get it," said Orlando.

"I'll go with you to ask Miss Theodora Green!" said Pinky.

Miss Green listened, with her kindly face full of interest, just as if the minister were asking her to help some good cause.

"I would be glad to lend you the rug," she said, "but I have already lent it to my nephew, Iky Proudfoot of Tinkertown!"

"So Iky Proudfoot is her nephew! I never heard that before," said Bee, as she and Pinky walked back to the barn.

Then she suddenly stopped short in the road. Such a queer little thought had popped into her head!

What did Iky Proudfoot want of a bear-skin?

"I don't think I am afraid to have the Guards go into Perigo's woods to get Long Tom," she said slowly to Pinky Jones.

Now Pinky Jones was not so quick to think of things, and she didn't see what it might mean that Iky Proudfoot had borrowed the bear-skin rug.

(*To be continued.*)

Sophie Swett.

LITTLE APRIL.

FUNNY little April
Had a cloak of snow;
March had given it to her
When he had to go.

Laughing little April,
One warm sunny day,
Playing with the sunbeams bright
Flung her cloak away.

Tearful little April
Found her cloak again,
Melted to a soft white cloud
With a fringe of rain!

Willis Boyd Allen.

THE PET LAMB.

THE PET SWAN.

(*Far-West Children.*)

IT was a little wild baby swan, and Sister's big brother Abner found it down among the rushes near a slough out on the prairie when he was coming home from his work in the Pipestone country. Its leg was hurt, and all the other swans had gone away and left it. Abner made it a soft nest with his big cotton handkerchief in his old hat, and brought it home.

When Sister saw Abner coming, bareheaded, carrying his hat in his hands so carefully, she ran to meet him — she felt sure that the hat held something for her. And Abner stopped and knelt down on the ground and held the little swan low, in its soft bed, so that Sister could lift a corner of the handkerchief and peep in.

"Oh — the — little — thing!" said Sister, and took a long joyful breath. And then she began to ask questions. "Can we keep it? Can you make it well? Won't it fly off with the big swans when they go over, like the little Ugly Duck? Are you sure it isn't an Ugly Duckling, Abner?"

"Well, it can't fly off at present," said Abner. "Don't you see it is hurt? The old swans didn't know how to cure its leg, and it couldn't fly, and so they left it behind. But we can take care of it, you and I, and it shall be *your* swan."

Sister was so happy that she even forgot all about the clothes-pin doll that she had dropped in the rain-barrel when she saw Abner coming. But next morning she remembered it and fished it out, and dried it all comfortably before the fire, and ironed its dress and put it on, and sat down and told it all about the lovely little new swan and how happy she was and what good times they three would have together.

And they did have good times. Abner tended the hurt leg until it was well, and Sister's mother said she was surprised to see how fast the little swan grew, and how tame it was, for it would walk right in, over the door-step, into the kitchen, just like anybody, and pick crumbs out of Sister's apron when she made a hollow of her little lap.

By and by when it was almost full-grown, with glorious snow-white plumage, it followed Sister everywhere. It would have followed her to school, like Mary's little lamb, only Sister never went to school, because she was not quite old enough.

The swan loved Sister, it loved Abner, and it liked all the family, but it did not like everybody. Some people it did not like at all, and nobody knew why. It did not like things that were of a flaming red color. And perhaps that was the reason why it flew at Ole Oleson, for he had a very red face and very red hair.

Ole and Abner were having a talk together one time, sitting on a pile of new boards in the back yard, after supper. And all at once the glorious white swan flew up at Ole and beat him over the neck and face with its wings, and Abner had to drive it away.

Sister said the swan was jealous and behaved badly because it could not see why Ole should keep Abner there talking for hours and hours about the "old country" and "going to school next winter" and hauling lumber, and trapping, and other things that no swan could understand.

Mrs. Dewberry, Sister's mother, thought that the swan would have to be cured of being jealous, then, for that was a very naughty way for a swan to feel, when everybody loved it and took care of it.

Every pleasant day, Sister and the swan took a long walk together. Mrs. Dewberry gave Sister a lovely blue ribbon to tie around its glossy neck, with long ends to lead it by, but the swan would have kept close to Sister without the ribbon.

Sometimes they went away out over the wide new-ploughed fields to gather the bright blue spiderwort blossoms; sometimes they went out upon the green prairie where the wild roses grew.

Sister loved to sit down in the fragrant wild grass to rest, with the swan nestled at her feet, and watch the long trains of lumber wagons and emigrant wagons drawn by great slow oxen along the road which went to the new town of Sioux Falls, far, far to the west.

Sometimes the wagons would be quite hidden in some hollow

THEY WATCHED THE TRAINS OF EMIGRANT WAGONS.

of the prairie. Then, when Sister looked again, there they were, creeping along over higher ground, so far away that they looked like toy wagons and toy oxen, growing smaller and smaller as they went toward the west.

Sister could not see a tree, no matter which way she looked. But she could see houses, miles and miles away. And she could see all of the sky, and the air was always very sweet and fresh, like the air out upon the sea.

There was just one thing that Sister was afraid of, even when the swan was with her, and that was strange dogs. I do not know why, for no dog had ever hurt her. When there were dogs trotting along beside the wagons Sister always shut her eyes, and bent her sunbonnet very low, and hardly breathed until the wagons had passed on a long way.

One day, the day that the new minister's folks were to move to the prairie, Sister and the swan were quite far from home, and Sister had filled her apron with flowers for her mother.

As she sat in the grass and rested, she saw a covered wagon

moving along on the road. It was drawn by a team of gentle farm-horses instead of oxen. A rope was fastened to the back end of the wagon, and the rope led a red and white bossy with a cunning little calf frisking along beside her. In the front, beside a kind-faced man who was driving, sat a motherly woman who held a geranium plant in her lap. Suspended from the front of the wagon-cover there was a bird-cage with a canary in it, and the canary was singing.

It was such a nice interesting wagon! But all at once a little brown dog jumped down from the back end of it, and somebody called, "Jippy, here, sir!" but Jippy would not go back, He came running right toward Sister and the swan.

Sister stood up, but she was so frightened that she could not run one step. She did not know that Jippy was thinking, "What a dear little girl that is with yellow hair! I am so very glad to see her!"

He came up to her, barking short happy little barks, out of pure joy and friendliness, and he put up his paws and pulled down her apron, and the flowers were spilled, and Sister screamed. And that instant the glorious white swan set upon Jippy and whipped him with its strong wings until he ran crying back to the wagon. And the people in the wagon stopped their horses and the motherly woman came down and came to Sister, and soothed her, and gathered up the flowers for her and said, "Why, if this isn't Brother Dewberry's little girl — unless it is some fairy,with her guardian swan! What a beautiful swan!"

It was the new minister and his wife, of course.

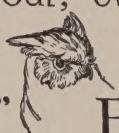
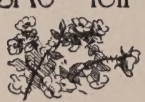
And then the gentle motherly woman led Sister and lifted her up into the wagon, and the swan flew up beside her, and Sister began to smile, and the minister took Jippy in his lap and quieted him, and they drove on, until they came to Sister's house, and they stopped there and took tea. And the swan and Jippy did not have any more trouble.

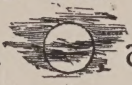
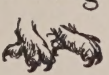
Sister's swan never went away with the wild swans when they flew over, passing to and fro among the blue northland lakes, and for all I know, he is there yet on the sunny prairie farm.

Lucia Chase Bell.

THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES.

VI

AFTER she caught that on Dolly's , little Owlet thought herself a very smart little . As soon as the first peeped out, every night, she would be off. Her  would say "Owlet dear, don't go far!" But "Owlet dear" would spread her naughty and, as likely as not, sail away for miles! Once she flew down into a and almost scared to death three little pet , who were nibbling , out in their own pretty . One night she thought she would visit the Dilver , and catch another . So she flew straight at 's window, but instead of flying in, she bounced up against something so stiff—it was a wire —that she fell backward, and tumbled down into some  ! She scrambled out as well as

she could, and sailed around to the back of the . There she found a wide open, and flew in, in such haste that she hit something which looked like a  and knocked it over. The big who sat there dropped his and caught up the with one , and grabbed at Owlet with the other. So Owlet didn't wait to see if there were any on his or hear Bobs say, "Why, what a little that must be, to fly into a ! As she flew away she spied a small object on a , and pounced on it, hoping it was a —and right there she met her mother and brother, looking for her. Mrs. was astonished at what her child had caught; for had a little red in her  . And Owlkin laughed so hard that Owlet was vexed, and lit on the roof of the and wouldn't fly a step until they had gone on!

THE WIND-FLOWER'S MESSAGE.*

Words by CHARLES STUART PRATT. Music by FRANK E. SAVILLE.

Allegretto.
1. With the first shy flow'rs of springtime Comes the frail a - nem - o - ne,
2. "Climb up, chil - dren, t'ward the sun - light, From earth's tangles near and far;
And a glad - some East - er mes - sage Brings to you and me:
Lift your cheer - y smil - ing fa - ces, Brave as wind-flow'rs are:
Wind-flow'r, wind-flow'r, swinging, sway-ing, With the breez-es light - ly play - ing,
Child-flow'r, child-flow'r, up - ward growing, All the heav'nly gra - ces show - ing,
What is it you're say - ing? What is it you're say - ing?
Bless - ed be your blow - ing! Bless - ed be your blow - ing!"

* NOTE. This song may be made more effective and more interesting to children, especially when sung by several, a class, or a school, by accompanying the last three lines of each verse by a graceful rhythmic movement of the hands. Hold elbows lightly at sides, forearms and hands forward. For upward and downward movements, palms should be down; for outward and inward movements, palms should be inward, toward each other. Move forearms slightly, the hands freely on flexible wrists. The singing of each syllable is accompanied by the movement named. The movements for the second refrain are the reverse of the first. The last line of each refrain is repeated.

Wind (*up*) -flow'r (*down*), wind (*up*) -flow'r (*down*), swing (*out*) -ing (*in*), sway (*out*) -ing (*in*),
With (*up*) the (*down*) breez (*up*) -es (*down*) light (*up*) -ly (*down*) play (*up*) -ing (*down*),
What (*out*) is (*in*) it (*out*) you're (*in*) say (*out, and hold there during last syllable*) -ing?

"Child (*out*) -flow'r (*in*), child (*out*) -flow'r (*in*), up (*up*) -ward (*down*) grow (*up*) -ing (*down*),
All (*out*) the (*in*) heav'n (*out*) -ly (*in*) gra (*out*) -ces (*in*) show (*out*) -ing (*in*),
Bless (*up*) -ed (*down*) be (*up*) your (*down*) blow (*up, and hold there during last syllable*) -ing!"

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RIDDLE-RHYMES.

FEBRUARY ANSWERS.

The Answers to the Riddle-Rhymes in the February Number are:

IX. Washington. X. Cherry-tree.
XI. Hatchet.

FEBRUARY HONOR LISTS.

List A.—Boys and girls who answered Riddle-Rhymes, IX, X, XI.

Dorothea Chase, William B. Rusk, Jessie Grove, Harry Grove, Nita Grove, Everett Putney Combes, Gladys Cohen, Lucile Jackson, Marjorie E. Daunley, Madeline Box, Ruth Helen Abrams, Charles B Shaw, Agnes Gillespie, Ruth F. Fink, Gladys A. Russell, Paul Smith, Arthur Wisness, Esther V. Peters, Edith Peters, Irma Otwell, Ruth Ritchie, Lenora Dorsey, Clara Masters, Helen E. Cadwell, Elsie Mae Rice, Elsa Jansen, Gladys Weil, Archie Wentworth, Cecil Wentworth, Leland Henderson, Wesley H. Fletcher, Helena Randall, Lucile Brooks, Leola Hibbard, Gladys L. Taylor, Ethella S. Stearns, Florence Tilley, Mary Virginia Springer, George Ely, Winifred G. Corell, Feral Rena Davis, George Y. Rusk, Dorothy Cathrin Heins, Ruby Leaver, Harold R. Norris, Margaret Peter, Katherine Warren, Arlo Cobb, Alfred Thompson, Alda Henry, Ruth Slosson, Agnes Hoffinger, Genevra Brunner, Wilma Higgins, Ruby M. Mitchell, Catherine Bradbury, Lillian Olivia Yielding, Nina E. Roffety, Benjamin Ira Golden, Robert Stephenson, Burwell R. Leman, Willis S. Osborn, Floy Fay Bean, Mary B. Oliver, Dora F. Hancock, Alice Rippe, Mabel Rippe, Nina Rundebush, Ruth Cole, Fay Allis, Merrill Sauerbrei, Mary R. Hull, Milton F. Webster, Eva E. Hunt, Hinton Grizzard, Alice M. Hall, Eugenia Hayes, Howard Swanzey, Grace Snow, John Clement Powel, Frank D. Conger, Edna E. Geissel, Fred Putnam, Katharine Covert, John Randall Norton, Rachel Doris, Harry Bogg, Ruth Swanzey, Amy H. Watkins, Walter McM. Ralph, Neil Wilkinson, Miriam Huse, Martha Huse, Jessie Partridge, Charles Partridge, Cyrilla H. Humes, Lawrence G. Ropes, Dorothy Houghton, Dollie Judd, Erla Blyth, Albert D. Tingley, Marion Campbell Orr, Frances E. Peck, George A. Clark, Bertha L. Carpenter, Sarah E. Murray, Mildred Dixson, Lester H. Ewing, Winnie Ray, Rachel P. Withers, Allen W. Withers, Margaret B. Parsons, Bernice Cooper, Florence M. Fisher, Agnes Holland, Katherine De Forest, Edith Noel Smith, Jennie Costhe, Evelyn Bolles, Gladys E. Goodenough, Amy Shaw, Elsie Bird, Helen A. Russell, T. Bailey Clarkner, Annie Kraybill, Helen Sawyer, Josie Haizlip, Heath Onthank, Willie Stratton, George E. Plaisted, Jr., Pearl M. Farnsworth, Edith Good, Chester R. Fonts, Helen Earlene Fitch, Vivien Cheney, Ruth Durston, Roberta Katharine Bryant, Bessie L. Eldridge, May Winepage.

List B.—Boys and girls who answered one or two of Riddle-Rhymes IX, X, XI.

George T. Lowden, Clara D. West, Katherine Bonebrake, Hasel L. Canaday, Lillian Duncan, Kenneth Roundebush, S. Montgomery Peter, Ebert Hastings, Jr., Elmer Dimewitt Bowman, Dorothy Mason, Leland Allis, Gerney Dancer, P. Edythe Beachly, Charlie J. Gutterson,

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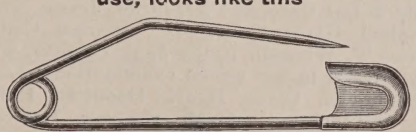

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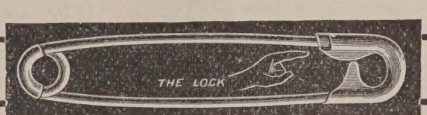

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APRIL HONOR LIST.

An Honor List containing the names of all who answer correctly Riddle-Rhyme XIII, in this number, will be published in the June number.

Answers to the April Riddle-Rhyme must be received by May 1st. Answers must be wholly the children's own.

Send Answers to Editor of "*Little Folks*," Warner, N. H.

☞Be sure to read the Prize Offer in the next number.

The children whose names are below have the thanks of the editor for welcome and interesting letters: Florence Kumney, Bessie May Noyes, Edna Frances Thoms, Nestor McGregor, Nellie Robinson, Dorothy M. Boericke—Dorothy liked "Donald's Good Hen" so much that she wishes it was continued still; Ruth Kendall Gilham, Mary Hartley, Irma Herman, Marion Frisbie, Jennie D. Castles, Boyd M. Stafford, Dorothea Myra Madeline Caswell, Marjorie Wright Southerd—Marjorie writes that her favorite hour for reading "Little Folks" is when her mother puts up her curls at night; Eleanor P. Wheeler, Frances O. Brown, Marie Milliken, Mercedes Emilie Leano, Hermia Beal, Mina Vann, Florence Seeman, Claire Holleysworth, Emma Lucy Wilder —Emma found "A Little Girl's Troubles" a good piece to speak at the closing exercises of her school; Edith Adrienne Stone, Rebecca Painter, who has a very, very, very roguish cousin John; Carolyn P. Duncan, Jessie Miles Campbell, Gladys M. Bedell, Warren Colby, Charles T. Wiswell, Emily Janice Pardu, who stands "100" in her school examinations; Leah Ruth Lovitt, Clyde Heath Doolittle, Helen Irene Swearingen, Sarah Eranger Farwell, who has five gold fish for pets; Barbara F. Johnson, a little girl five years old whose writing is better than that of many a girl of twelve; Cora Richardson, Mary Spear, Gladys M. Kemp, P. E. Chapman, a little boy only eight, who knows the telegraph alphabet and can telegraph; Mina Belle Gillis, Chester Williams, Grace L. Bryar, Emily Edith Pipkin and Bertha Margaret Williams.

Augusta, Montana.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have never missed one of your numbers yet. I am a little boy seven years old and I will be so I can read you myself soon I hope. I have one dog and a cat. I used to play with lambs on papa's ranch. I lived there till I was six years old. I had lots of dogs and cats, too. I used to catch trout from a little stream in the meadow. I have no little brothers or sisters. My papa and mama and I live in the little town of Augusta now and I go to school. I have never got a subscriber for you, but I hope I will. Elmer C. Barrett.

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Conesus, N. Y.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl eight years old and live on a farm. We have 14 horses and eight cats. I had a lovely Christmas and, best of all, the day after Christmas, the 26th of December, a little baby sister came and I am going to help take care of her when she gets a little older. I like to read the "Roggie and Reggie" stories, and "Jimmie Crow" and "How Anna's Christmas Tree Came," and the "Strange Adventure of Mazie" and "How the Three Little Bears Got their Christmas Stockings." Celia Hitchcock.

Lewisburg, Tenn.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl seven years old. I have two little sisters named Richardine and Sarah. You have been a Christmas present to me two years, and I hope you will come to us for a long time. I like all your stories but I like "How Jack Saved Betsy's Life," and "The Yellow-capped Monkey," and "The Sea Captain's Children" best. I have never been to school, but mama teaches me at home. I live in the country and my home is named "Valley Farm." We have 112 little lambs and five Shetland ponies. The prettiest and gentlest one is named "Tinto."
Natilee Ogilvie.

Raymond Packard.

I don't take "Little Folks," but my brother Raymond does, and I like you so much I want to write you a letter, too. I don't go to school because I am only five years old, but I know lots of things. When Raymond goes to school and learns things he comes and teaches me. I can go to school next year because I will be six years old. I like to draw in my drawing-books then color the pictures.
Howard Packard.

Norfield, Miss.

Dear "Little Folks":—If you came every week instead of every month you would be perfect. I take three other children's papers, but I like "Little Folks" best. I like when "Mercy Was Four," "Tartar" and "Pink and Blue" best. But I like every story very much. I have one little brother and two little sisters, Charles, Fannie and Elizabeth. Charles is sick. Every time "Little Folks" comes Fannie (who is three) runs and gets it and takes it to some one to help her read "Jimmie Crow." Fannie likes "Jimmie Crow" best, and Charles likes "Teddy's Whipporwill" best. Last summer our family went to Bay View. While there they had a children's day. I went and had a very pleasant time. They also had a May pole dance and I was in it. One morning papa, mama, and myself got up early and went to Mackinac Island. It is very pretty there. We got a surrey and went driving. We went to some lovely places—Lover's Gap, Devil's Kitchen and an old fort that was used in the French and Indian war. I have a sweet little puppy named Fluffy and a little cat named Tipsy. Marguerite Butterfield.

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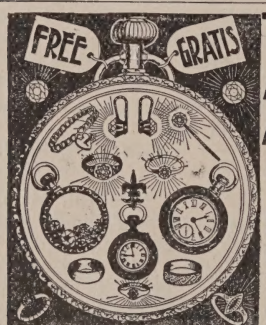

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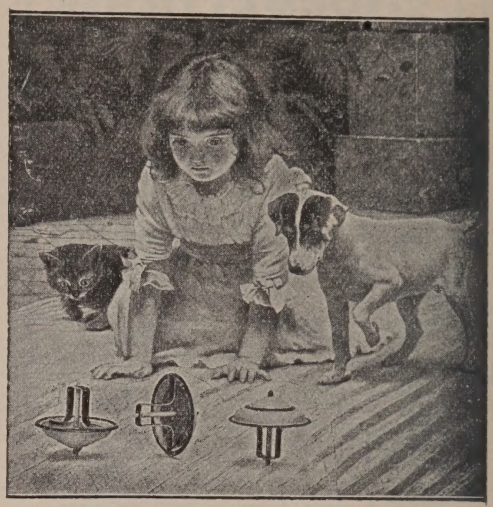

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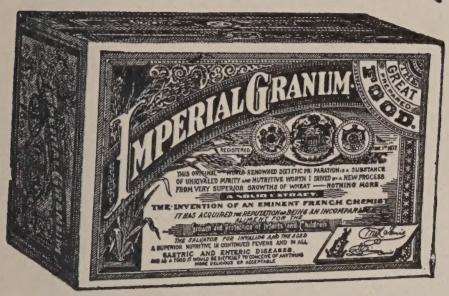

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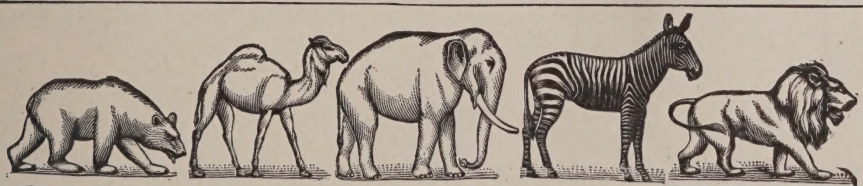

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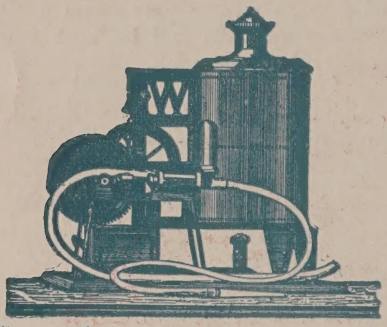

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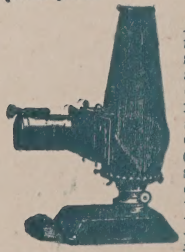

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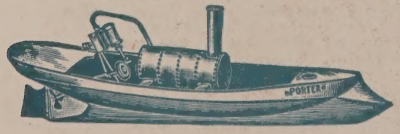
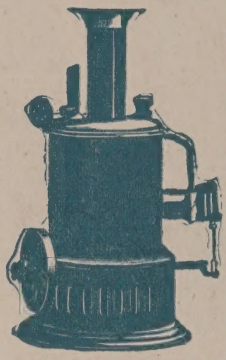


Steamboat. This steamboat has a nicely modelled hull (torpedo type), polished brass boiler, and presents a very attractive appearance. Length of hull, 15½ in. Sent post paid for two new subscribers and 10c. Cash price $1.35.



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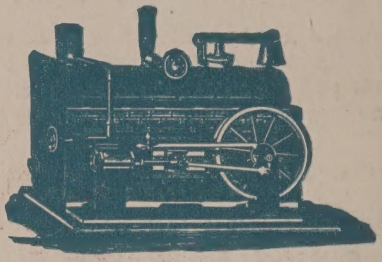
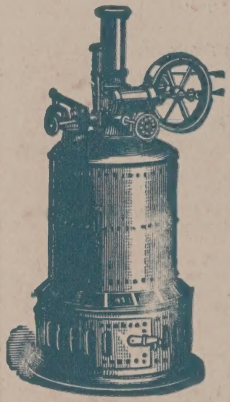
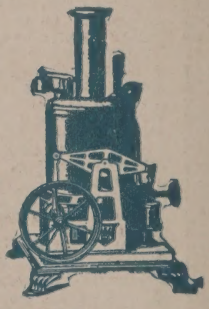


Horizontal Engine. Made of polished brass and Russia iron. An eccentric on the crank shaft controls the valve rod, to which is attached the rocking valve, that by its motion lets the steam into and out of the cylinder. Sent post or express paid for three new subscribers and 10c. Cash price $2.00.



Steam Engine. This engine is made entirely of well tempered polished sheet brass. Steam chest, steam and exhaust pipe and whistle; whistle valve and throttle valve seats are cast in one piece. Exhausts steam through smoke stack, which no other makedoes. Sent post or express paid for two new subscribers or one new subscriber and 50c. Cash price post paid, $1.00.



Beam Engine. Has steam chest, cylinder, walking beam, eccentric rod and valves, balance wheel and pulley, all carefully and accurately put together. Sent post paid for three new subscribers and 20c. Cash price $2.25.

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